And madly play with my forefathers ioynts?
And plucke the mangled *Tybalt* from his shrowde?
And in this rage, with some great kinsmans bone,
As with a club dash out my desperate braines.
O looke, me thinks I see my Cozins Ghost,
Seeking out *Romeo* that did spit his body
Vpon a Rapiers point: stay *Tybalt*, stay;
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, heres drinke, I drinke to thee.

Enter Lady of the house and Nurse.

La. Hold, take these keies, and fetch more spices Nurse.
Nur. They call for Dates and Quinces in the Pastrie.

Enter old Capulet.

Ca. Come, stir, stir, stir, the second Cocke hath crowed,
The Curphew Bell hath roung, tis three a clocke:
Looke to the bakte meates, good *Angelica*,
Spare not for cost.
Nur. Go you Cot-queane, go,
Get you to bed, faith youle be sicke to morrow
For this nights watching.
Ca. No not a whit, what? I haue watcht ere now
All night for lesse cause, and nere beene sicke.
La. I you haue bin a mouse-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from such watching now.

Exit Lady and Nurse.

Ca. A iealous hood, a iealous hood, now fellow, what is there?

Enter three or foure with spits and logs and baskets.

Fel. Things for the Cooke sir, but I know not what.
Ca. Make haste, make haste sirra, fetch drier Logs.
Call *Peter*, he will shew thee where they are.
Fel. I haue a head sir, that will find out logs,
And neuer trouble *Peter* for the matter.
Ca. Masse and well said, a merrie horson, ha,
Thou shalt be loggerhead; good father tis day.

Play Musicke.

The Countie will be here with musicke straight,
For so he said he would, I heare him neere.
Nurse, wife, what ho, what Nurse I say?

Enter.

E

Go waken *Iuliet*, go and
Ile go and chat with *Par*
Make haste, the bridegr
Nur. Mistris, what m
Why Lambe, why Lady
VVhy Loue I say, Mad
VVhat not a word, you
Sleepe for a weeke, for th
The Countie *Paris* hath
That you shall rest but li
Marrie and Amen: how
I must needs wake her:
I, let the Countie take y
Heele fright you vp yfa
VVhat dresst, and in you
I must needs wake you,
Alas, alas, helpe, helpe,
Oh weleaday, that euer
Some Aqua-vitæ ho, my
Mo. VVhat noise is h
Nur. O lamentable d
Mo. VVhat is the m
Nur. Looke, looke,
Mo. O me, O me, m
Reuiue, looke vp, or I w
Helpe, helpe, call helpe

En

Fa. For shame bring
Nur. Shees dead: dec
M. Alack the day, shee
Fa. Hah let me see h
Her blood is setled, and
Life and these lips haue
Death lies on her like a
Vpon the sweetest flow

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22324) LONDON, 1609 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.